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REBEL WITH A CAUSE:
EMANIE NAHM SACHS ARLING PHILIPS
1892-1981

An address delivered before the Kentucky Historical Society, March 5, 2008

by
Nancy Disher Baird, Kentucky Library, WKU

Kentucky points with pride to a long list of 20th century women who have won accolades for writing fiction—Eliza Calvert Hall, Annie Fellows Johnson, Alice Hegan Rice, Emanie Nahm Sachs. Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Hariette Arnow, Caroline Gordon, Janice Holt Giles, Joy Bale Boone, Betty Receveur, Sue Grafton, Bobbie Ann Mason, Barbara Kingsolver, Karen Robards – and many others. Most of them are well known. However, few modern readers are familiar with the works of Emanie Sachs.

A couple of decades ago WKU's Kentucky Library received 15 boxes of correspondence, research notes, reviews, publications and other items from the estate of Emanie Nahm Sachs Arling Philips, a well-known, highly acclaimed author during the 1920s. On hearing a colleague describe materials in the collection, I became fascinated by this Bowling Green native who published several novels and a biography that emphasized sentiments prevailing then—and occasionally even now— in small towns and small-minds, relating to the role of women in public life. In doing so, she succeeded in winning praise from the literary world but received severe criticism at home. Let me tell you a little about her.

Emanie was a rebel with a cause. Her contemporaries remember her as flamboyant, and as the girl who defied local mores. Those who knew her relished favorite stories about her, for she apparently was as good a story-maker as she was a

story teller. And in the making and telling, she reflected the struggle experienced by many of her early twentieth century peers for independence and success.

Born in 1893, Emanie Nahm grew to maturity in the years during which the legal status of women achieved major changes. In the last decade of the 19th century, the Kentucky legislature passed laws that gave married women the right to own property and the right to make wills. The first decade of the 20th century witnessed the passage of laws granting to Kentucky's women the right to their own earnings (earlier, their wages—and everything else, including the clothing on their backs—belonged to their husbands!). A new law also granted that on the death of her spouse, a woman had the right to serve as guardians over her own children; previously a man could assign this right to a brother, friend or even a total stranger, if he wished! With the 1920s passage of the 19th amendment to the US Constitution, women finally achieved the right to vote.

Those who pushed for and applauded these changes also advocated a more liberal social status—a break from the rigid Victorian ideas concerning a woman's "place." Thus, turn-of-the-century youths enjoyed the possibility of greater freedoms and privileges than did the generations that preceded them. However, breaking away from the conventions of their parents and then enjoying their new status sometimes proved difficult. Like many of her contemporaries, young Emanie fought against the "old fashioned," Victorian ideas of her parents. Her battle for change, and their opposition to it, would flavor her writing.

An only child, Emanie grew up in her family's spacious home in Bowling Green. Her father, Max B. Nahm, was a Warren County native and civic minded lawyer-turned-banker. He probably was south central Kentucky's best known and one of the area's

wealthiest resident. A graduate of Princeton University's law school, Max Nahm served for many years on the US Federal Reserve Board and as Vice President of the American Bankers Association. He helped shepherd financial institutions through the dark days of the 1930s, championed the Security Exchange Act and spoke before political and financial groups from coast to coast, urging balanced budgets. He also headed the committee that established Mammoth Cave National Park. Conservative and dominated by his various business and civic duties, Nahm paid little attention to Emanie's day-to-day childhood activities. However, as she flowered into a teenager, he became increasingly aware—and appalled—at her attitude towards the behavior code he believed to be appropriate for a young lady.

Emanie's mother, Sunshine Friedman Nahm, is remembered as an active volunteer in numerous community organizations, a whiz of a bridge player, and the epitome of a dignified, Victorian lady. Like her husband, Mrs. Nahm also found her headstrong, modern Millie-of-a-daughter a great mystery.

Emanie's family surrounded her with a lot of love and all that lots of money could buy. Much to her parents' dismay, however, young Emanie developed into a tomboy. Her favorite companion during her childhood and early school years was the young son of her mother's cook, who taught her to climb trees and skin-the-cat. Perhaps to encourage more feminine behavior, her parents built a playhouse for Emanie in the side yard. It is doubtful that she held many tea parties in the structure, but years later it served during summer vacations as a one-room studio where the teenager wrote and sketched, activities of which she believed her parents disapproved because they were not part of the repertoire of skills needed by a homemaker—and Emanie's parents and their

contemporaries thought that being a good homemaker should be the number one goal of all women.

The ability to play the piano also rated high in a young lady's upbringing; thus, despite her tin ear, Emanie took music lessons. She later recalled that the boring hours she spent on the piano stool led to a "permanent dislike for organized sound." As she matured, her resentment increased when she had to attend "rather dreadful concerts" at Bowling Green's Potter College for Young Ladies. Annual theatre trips to New York City also made up part of Emanie's cultural education. But the Nahms placed little emphasis on visual arts, Emanie later recalled. They never went to art museums during their visits to New York or other cities. Consequently, Emanie's exposure to art came through lessons.

Several of her friends "studied" with a well-known Nashville artist who regularly visited Bowling Green. Because her peers took art lessons and dabbled in art, so did Emanie. She enjoyed drawing and sketching, but her parents frequently admonished her that men did not like women who excelled in creative endeavors. The homely—and unmarried—art teacher seemed to reinforce their warning. Emanie concluded that women enjoyed the limited options of wife and mother—or old maid. Having seen a cruel cartoon depicting an old maid, Emanie was quite sure she did not wish to be one. Her mother was her model; her mother did not engage in any creative activity and her father adored her mother. Emanie decided creativity was dangerous and quit her art class.

Knowledge of literature, however, ranked high as a social and cultural asset. Volumes of the classics as well as of contemporary literature filled the Nahm home, and

her family encouraged Emanie to read. And as she read, she also dabbled in writing. At age eleven she authored a very brief article about Alexander the Great and the Gordian Knot, that appeared in the March, 1905 *St. Nicholas*, a popular children's magazine. But appreciation was one thing, participation, apparently, was quite another. When the Nahm's expressed disapproval of her writing, and particularly of her publishing efforts, and admonished her that "men don't like that sort of thing," Emanie threw the cherished copy of her published masterpiece into the front hall fireplace. Fear of becoming an old maid weighed mightily on the pre teen!

Despite her dread of spinsterhood—and her conviction that she was an ugly child—Emanie developed into a petite, attractive, fashion-conscious young woman, whose dark hair accented her fair complexion and sparkling blue eyes. Intelligent, witty, and well read, she graduated from Bowling Green's Potter College for Young Ladies, attended Western Normal School, and sat through a few classes at Ward Belmont in Nashville. But, like many immature adolescents of today, Emanie exhibited little interest in her course work and dropped out of school before graduating.

During her twentieth summer she visited friends in New York City and from a chance conversation with one of its editors, Emanie obtained a job writing for the *New York Times*. She enjoyed her responsibilities and assignments, and decided that the position held a "spicy flavor of sin," because she had been raised to believe that ladies should be "social butterflies" rather than "working drones." Yet, Emanie must have been both. During the five years she wrote for the paper, she received (or so she claimed years later) twenty-six marriage proposals, which she dubbed more than her share of the masculine attention required by a southern belle.

Some of that attention came from Walter E. Sachs, whose wealthy family owned the highly acclaimed Goldman-Sachs insurance and investment company. Following a brief courtship, Emanie and Sachs married in July of 1917. Their only child arrived a year later. But alas, the marriage lacked bliss and harmony from its beginning. Some of the unhappiness had its roots with Walter's parents, who had European educations and considered Emanie provincial. Emanie saw them as stuffy and apparently took pleasure in trying to shock them. Perhaps because Walter didn't support her, or because she wanted to needle her in-laws, or because her life needed direction—for whatever reason—Emanie enrolled in a writing class at New York's Columbia University in 1920 and came under the tutelage of Walter Pitkin, who was probably the best known literary teacher of the day.

Emanie proved to be an astute student and published several short stories during her days at Columbia. A 1922 issue of the popular magazine, *Snappy Stories*, carried Emanie's article entitled, "The Wicked City." It concerned a small town girl named Linda Sue who attended school in New York City. Her roommate talked her about going on a date with a much older man-of-the-world, and despite a niggling reservation about this "new adventure," Linda Sue agreed. She enjoyed their sophisticated conversation and dinner at an expensive restaurant, and when he invited her to his hotel room, she was flattered and felt ever-so-grownup. At the last minute, however, fear and good sense emerged, and she excused herself and fled to safety. A few months later *Snappy Stories* published another of Emanie's creations, this one entitled, "What Could Be Sweeter." It, too, concerned a small town girl and the temptations of the big city.

Another of the era's popular magazines, *The Smart Set*, published her article about the visit of a fire-and-brimstone evangelist, who stirred up hatred and dissension in a small southern village. The article's setting was not unlike the town in which Emanie grew up, where visits from traveling revivalists frequently upset the peaceful co-existence of the town's various congregations. Did Emanie base these smart and snappy stories on real life knowledge and experiences?

In the spring of 1924 *Women's Home Companion* carried "May-Mad," by Emanie Sachs, a humorous story about a confirmed New York City bachelor, whose life changed when an attractive young woman "fell into his lap." It happed on the crowded Fifth Avenue bus, just as the attractive Gunda Vivian sat down—or at least she intended to sit next to Henry Horton Dallas III (of the prominent law firm of Dallas, Dillingham, Dillingham and Scott). However, the bus unexpectedly jerked and instead of sitting next to him, Gunda landed in his lap. One cannot help but wonder if this is how Emanie met Walter—or if the stuffy bachelor-attorney of the story is based on her spouse, on one of his friends, or a member of his family. Writers are advised to write about what they know, and Emanie certainly did so in much of the other fiction she published!

In 1923 Pitkin published a collection of short stories that he described as "life drawings." Emanie authored one of these realistic sketches. Entitled "Railroad Tracks," the story exposed snobbery and hypocrisy in a small southern town, where the railroad tracks bisected the town and seemed to determine the residents' social and political status. It is unlikely that many of her friends in Bowling Green read *Snappy Stories, Smart Set* or her other early ventures into publishing. However, if they had, they

undoubtedly would have been incensed at how the residents of her imaginary Bowling Green-like town were portrayed in her various short stories. (1)

Thirty-one-year-old Emanie published her first book in 1924. Entitled *Talk*, it is set in the imaginary town of Merville, but Bowling Green's readers then and now easily recognized the novel's setting. Like modern writer John Carpenter, who used Warren County place names in his film *Halloween*, Emanie named and described local sites: the fountain in the middle of the town square, the opera house on the square, the pavilion at Beech Bend Park, the axe handle factory by the railroad, the Confederate fort on the Louisville Road, the Women's Club Library in City Hall, the college on the hill, the St. James Apartments, the county club's rustic club house, and Fitzpatrick's Bar that was converted into an ice cream parlor when prohibition went into effect. The book also incorporated local happenings, including the failure of a bank in the 1890s, the 1907 Women's Temperance League march, the 1920s oil boom, and the annual fair hops.

Talk opened in 1899 as a few of the town's gentry discussed the plight of orphaned, eighteen-year-old Delia Morehouse, whose father's questionable banking practices had led to insolvency and the shock of the bank's failure hastened his death. After the debts were settled, Delia inherited only a book store, which she decided to operate. Her father's executor expressed the community's sentiments about working women:

> Why honey, you couldn't do that! Well-born ladies stay in their homes. You couldn't expose yourself to insults. It's not to be thought of. You're not one of these new women; we don't have 'em in Kentucky. Our ladies had rather have new bonnets than new ballots, bless their sweet hearts. Why, you were brought up to balance a sunshade and gladden the hearts of all the young men. . .
>
> What else is there for me to do. . . .

> Damned if I know . . .[but] Ladies don't run stores. It is not to be thought of. I do not see how you ever thought of it. What would happen if a mouse ran across the floor?

Despite the attorney's advice, Delia decided to operate the bookstore and did so with considerable business acumen. But when she married jobless, wimpy, mama's boy Page Reeves, he and some of his friends pressured her to sell the store. "Don't be one of these new women, yelling for your rights," Page advised her. "You're not the type. Think, honey, people'd think you were odd. . . They'd say I was henpecked." When Delia protested that she was not suited for domestic work, her husband parroted the dogma of the day. "Darling, a woman's place is in the home. The country would go to ruin if she weren't there, keeping us true to the best. Man's world needs sure-enough women, not new women."

When Delia admitted that she hated trying to run a household, had no patience for domestic duties, and could not cook, Page and his cronies assured her that every woman could cook, for it was her "beautiful and natural gift." Concluding that the men must be right, and afraid that people would talk about her, Delia conceded and gave up her bookstore. But as a housekeeper, Delia was a disaster!

Elaborately carved trim on furniture and woodwork, very popular in that era, decorated newlywed Delia and Page's cottage. Such gingerbread challenged the best of housekeepers with several servants. Unfortunately, Delia had no help, and soon a "brownish-gray film" covered every curlicue of the bric-a-brac. Delia's efforts in the kitchen also lacked success. Round steak lay on the platter "like a large island of solidified lava," and Delia's gravy resembled "brownish fur drifting on a clear stream." Her biscuits were soft and squashy and her apple pie failed description—and

consumption. In desperation Delia purchased three "labor saving devices," early versions of a vacuum sweeper, washing machine, and pressure cooker. Unfortunately, these expensive "housewives' helpers" required more skill to operate that she possessed. When they failed to produce the advertised results, Delia's husband and mother-in-law (who employed several servants to keep her home immaculate) chided her for wasting money on new fangled gadgets and impractical shortcuts.

Determined to succeed, Delia became a slave to perfecting the art of housekeeping. When Page's financial circumstances permitted her to hire help, she did so and turned into an impossible-to-please tyrant. Miserable, locked in a life that ill-suited her, Delia threw up her hands in dismay years later when her daughter became a rebellious teenager and expressed interest in a career. To her only child, Delia gave the same, tired arguments she had received about a woman's place in the home. However, the 1920s were different from the turn-of-the-century. In 1900 Delia had been ahead of her times; by the 1920s the times had passed her by. By now, most of the turn-of-the century changes were "old hat" to Kentucky folks –and the 19th amendment giving women the right to vote had just gone in effect. Women were thus "liberated'—or at least many were. Nevertheless, people still gossiped about those who were different, but no one but Delia paid any attention to them. No one else feared gossip; no one else altered her life because of wagging tongues. When Delia warned her daughter that people would talk about her if she attended the university and studied anything as "inappropriate" and "unfeminine" as math, the teenager laughed and assured her Mama that "they talk about everybody for something but nobody does anything about it."

The novel's final scene found the town's busy bodies wondering why Delia had given up her bookstore. The attorney, who twenty years earlier had insisted that well-born ladies stayed in their homes and did not operate stores, now recalled:

> She did mighty well with the bookstore . . . It would have been better if she'd stayed in it. Why, the ladies are into everything these day, and managing their homes and children as well. It appears like that store was the only thing Delia Morehead ever did know how to manage. She was a fool not to stick to it.

Talk became an immediate best seller. Several reviewers compared Emanie's book to *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis. In praising her understanding of small towns, a New York paper observed that Emanie Sachs "knows more about a small town livery stable than any other woman writer." Another northern paper praised Emanie's unique approach to southern life: "Without a Doric pillared mansion, without a mint julep, without a colonel, Mrs. Sachs has achieved the unique success of writing about the American South without bursting into tears every time she mentions the latitude." A Denver reviewer called Emanie's book the best first novel he'd read in many years and another reviewer labeled the volume not only a "remarkable first novel but it would be a remarkable second or third novel."

Most critics praised Emanie's character development. A North Carolina tabloid believed Delia "was a character worth studying." The *New York Times* suggested that Emanie "was better even than F. Scott Fitzgerald at holding a mirror up to the wayward nature of the younger generation. A Detroit reviewer asked if Delia Morehouse and Emanie Sachs were one and the same, otherwise how could one human "describe the inner workings of another with such painstaking minuteness?"

The literary world may have praised the book, but it cetainly upset its Bowling Green's readers, for they believed Emanie had portrayed them in an unflattering light. The novel's life-like personalities exhibited exaggerated traits that were common among people everywhere—human traits found in every place and every era: an overbearing mother-in-law, a pampered, spineless son who refused to stand by his wife when others criticized her; town hypocrites who did not practice what they preached; gossipy busy bodies who thought they knew what was best for everyone; and young folks who fought to escape "old fashioned" ideas and bonds of the previous generation. In these and other characteristics, many of Bowling Green's residents recognized themselves and their neighbors—and did not like what they saw.

Emanie visited her parents in Bowling Green several months after the novel's release. During her stay, the local paper contained nothing about her novel, or about the novelist's visit, or even a comment about the town's reaction to her literary success. On her return to New York, a reporter asked the young novelist if she had been "lionized" because of her very successful book, to which she replied: "My friends were much more interested in my new [hair] bob than in my new book."

Two years after the appearance of *Talk*, Emanie published *Red Damask*, a novel about a wealthy Jewish family in New York City, and dedicated it to her mother and mother-in-law. The main character, a teenage girl, struggled for independence and fought to escape from the Victorian ideas of her family. Many of the books characters exhibited unflattering traits typical of the era's complacent, unbending privileged class, human frailties Emanie undoubtedly observed first hand! One can assume that the reaction of her in-laws were similar to the horror experienced by Bowling Green

residents to the earlier volume. Nevertheless, reviewers of *Red Damask* complimented it. The *New York Times* compared it to Sinclair Lewis' writings and labeled it the Main Street of the Jewish community. Novelist Edna Ferber acquired a copy while abroad and after reading it cabled the *New York World* that it was "superb, superb, superb."

In 1928 Emanie published a biography of Victoria Claflin Woodhull, the beautiful, quick witted, magnetic adventuress who shocked Americans in the 1870s with her advocacy of free love and equal rights for women. Entitled *The Terrible Siren*, Emanie's biography told of Victoria's rather lonely childhood, and her marriage at 16 to a much older man. After eleven unhappy years, the couple divorced and Victoria then "took up" with (and eventually married, then divorced) a philosophical anarchist and socialist who believed in spiritualism, reincarnation, free love and a variety of other "different" and "radical" ideas. During a visit to New York City, Victoria met and apparently charmed financier Cornelius Vanderbilt, who helped established her and her sister as stockbrokers. A few years later the sisters began publishing a weekly newspaper that advocated their beliefs, including a woman's right to vote. They also created a terrible scandal (and spent a few days in prison) when their paper charged the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of seducing one of his parishioners.

In 1871 Victoria submitted a memorial to the U.S. House of Representatives, claiming that women had the right to vote, and the following year she formed the Equal Rights Party, which nominated her for President of the United States. Of course she didn't win—didn't even appear on the ballots in most states—but she created a lot of excitement, and probably planted political seeds that sprouted a half century later with the 19th amendment. [I wonder what Victoria would think of the 2008 political race!]

In her forward, Emanie labeled Victoria a great orator who defied prudery and enjoyed publicity, and compared her to a tiger who purred when stroked, could see in the dark, and whose "itch for greatness" brought her out of the jungle. "She fascinated me." Emanie later revealed that she thought "Victoria was merely a symbol of feminine activity in an age of male bluster, when feminine activity was dreaded and feared. Maybe she personified men's erotic dreams and women's audacious impulses. And maybe, like Johnny Appleseed and Paul Bunyon, [she] was only half real."

Although it would not pass muster by modern historians, reviewers heralded the Woodhull biography as well researched and well written. "An elegant creation," wrote one; "written with a tolerant but ruthlessly honest pen," praised another. "Perhaps Victoria. . . personified men's erotic dreams and women's audacious impulses," suggested the *New York Post*. The closest any of the reviews came to a criticism was to question why Emanie apparently did not meet and talk to Victoria, who died just a couple of months before the biography's release. Recent readers might also be interested to know the reaction of the Goldman-Sachs folks, but apparently reviewers did not ask for their reaction, or if they did, the answers did not make it into print! However, during a visit with her parents shortly after the biography rolled off the press, Emanie met one of her former teachers. "You were such a good little girl," said the schoolmarm "that I cannot understand how you would have wanted to write about such a bad woman." "No one respectable is interesting enough to write about," Emanie explained!

The 1930s brought trauma to Emanie's life. The publisher of her fourth book, a rather insipid mystery novel entitled *The Octangle*, declared bankruptcy before the volume could be marketed. Illness, surgery and painful and lengthy recoveries beset her.

Her beloved mother died in 1937 and the following year Emanie's husband of 21 years asked for a divorce, claiming that she had been sick too long, had been way too much and that she did not share his musical interests and his desire for an active social life. To protect the Sachs family's name, Emanie slipped off to Reno and ended their marriage quietly. Sachs had assured her that there was no one else, yet three weeks after their divorce became final, he married an actress half his age and sailed away for a European honeymoon. The couple arrived in tense Europe the day before the Germans marched into Poland!

Shattered by the breakup of her marriage, Emanie rushed into a number of relationships, all of which ended painfully. Hurting from rejection and disappointment, she changed her last name to Arling, a Russian word she believed to mean "up-rooted." She also sought professional help. What ghosts from the past were uncovered during these self-searching sessions remain confidential, but eventually psychoanalysis restored her self confidence, and in 1963 she embarked on a second and apparently happy marriage.

During World War II Emanie befriended poets, essayists and novelists who fled from Europe . She became well known in New York's literary circles for her parties that were attended by the cream of the American and European literary world. One of her frequent guests later recalled Emanie's beautiful table settings, with Chinese dragons and angels as centerpieces and the interesting assortment of brilliant guests—historians, poets, novelists and artists—who gathered at her parties.

Emanie also continued to write. Her major endeavor was a history of the settling of the Ohio Valley and Kentucky. The research took her to libraries across the United

States and Canada and she amassed an enormous amount of information, all of which she crammed into her text. "Not being a historian, I didn't know what to leave out," she later explained. Too stubborn to admit defeat, she wrote, rewrote and rewrote again, but publisher after publisher turned down her manuscript. At a Lippincott editorial meeting, one editor asked, "Why doesn't Emanie write a novel?" Another publisher who rejected her work explained that "a history of Kentucky has to be awfully damned good to get by—and Emanie's isn't." Rewritten two decades later and submitted to the University Press of Kentucky, its editor faintly praised the detailed account but rejected the manuscript because, although the author claimed to have used previously untapped sources, the text contains "nothing new." The narrative was "too close to the research to make for lively reading."

Emanie also tried writing historic novels that dealt with famous crimes, but they also were not kindly received by publishers. She then tried fiction based on incidents in Kentucky history. She wrote about the perils experienced by frontier heroine Jenny Wiley, but *Readers Digest* turned down the short story. The editor admitted that he could almost feel the Cherokees creeping up on him, but he believed Wiley's story was "too grim for most readers." Emanie tried a novel about life on the Kentucky frontier, but the editors to which she submitted the novel complained that it contained too much factual information. A Harcourt and Brace editor declared that "the best part was about Daniel Boone."

Emanie sat at her typewriter nearly every day until a few years before her death in 1981, but except for a brief autobiographical volume, released in 1960 by a vanity press, she published noting. A friend suggested that perhaps her writer's block resulted from

having worked through hostility towards her parents; once she had succeeded as an author, her friend reasoned, she lost the drive to "show them" that she could achieve recognition despite their disapproval.

Unable to write, Emanie turned to painting. She studied with a number of New York artists, exhibited her work in the US and France and even sold a few canvasses. Her favorite subjects were vases filled with stiff, stilted looking flowers. Whatever its merits or lack thereof, from her art she apparently received a satisfaction similar to that she enjoyed years earlier as a successful writer. In her autobiography, *A Pot with Feeling*, Emanie explained that the adventure of being a painter is similar to the adventure of being a writer, in that both creative works require unceasing effort and have uncertain results. "It's terrible. And it's wonderful," she explained. (2)

And that was Emanie Nahm Sachs Arling Philips—terrible, and wonderful.

1) Because of Bowling Green's close proximity to the navigable Barren River, the town became the transportation and trade center for south central Kentucky during the early antebellum years. In the 1850s Kentuckians began talking of building a railroad between Louisville and Nashville. Not wishing to relinquish the town's commercial advantage to neighbors, residents convinced the railroad company to erect the line through Bowling Green. The last tracks of the L&N were laid along the town's western edge in October of 1859 and a year-and-a-half later a line from Memphis connected into the L&N a couple miles south of Bowling Green. On the lines' completion many of the railroad laborers—a large portion of whom were Irish and German immigrants—built homes and settled on the west side of the tracks. The new railroad made Bowling Green one of the state's most important commercial and transportation centers but also placed it in jeopardy during the Civil War.

By the end of the 19th century the Louisville and Nashville Railroad was Bowling Green's largest employer and most of the workers at the L&N passenger and freight depots, round house, machine shop and other related endeavors lived in close proximity to their work. Thus the rails seemed to divide the town, with much of the white laboring class on the west side and the merchants and businessmen on the east. The town's general layout, the railroad, and the hills surrounding the town received frequent mention in Emanie's early short stories and first novel.

2. Emanie died June 13, 1981 and was buried in New Canaan, Connecticut. Survivors included her husband August Philip, her daughter Jane Hodes of Los Angeles, three grandchildren and three great-grandsons.
Her first husband, Walter E. Sachs eventually headed the Goldman-Sachs Company. His second marriage to actress Mary Williamson of Johnstown, NY also ended in divorce.